Vol. II. No. 12. Total 64.

PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY,

AND

WEEKLY REGISTER.

PRINTED BY DAVID HOGAN, No. 51, SOUTH THIRD-STREET, NEARLY OPPOSITE THE UNITED STATES' BANK.
Where Subscriptions, Advertisements and Literary Communications, will be Thankfully Received.

Saturday, *January* 30, 1802.

OLD NICK:
A SATIRICAL STORY.

(CONTINUED)

CHAP. XVIII.

Barclay's behaviour in the maid's room.—Mrs. Pawlet roused from her trance.—What system of Dr. Hunter's she had pursued.—Her intended experiment on the cook.—Barclay introduced.—Her conduct on the occasion.—The library.—The advantage derived from being removed far from the earth.—She discovers in Barclay the eccentricities of genius.

IMAGINE, now the singular scene the cook's bed-chamber exhibited at the present moment. The cook prostrate, our hero holding her hand in his, but standing like a statue, unconscious of what he did, Mrs. Pawlet seated on the maid's box, at the further end of the room, leaning upon her finger and thumb, in a state of perfect abstraction, and Mr. Pawlet in his black velvet cap, by the side of Barclay, waiting anxiously to hear his opinion of the poor woman, after feeling her pulse (as he conceived) for such a length of time. A sudden groan of his patient, however, brought him to his recollection. He let her hand fall, and sunk, almost senseless, into a chair that stood near him. Joy and sorrow took possession of his mind, alternately. Joy, even to ecstacy, at meeting with the object of his heart's fondest dotage, first prevailed, and filled him with delicious thoughts of ceaseless happiness; then, sorrow, bordering on despair, to find her he loved plighted to his friend, seized on him with irresistible power, and banishing every joy from his breast, possessed it with the most afflicting anguish. Still would these contending passions give way to each other. Now his love predominated, and he was all darkness and despair. In this conflict he was torn and distracted, till, looking up, with tears starting from his eyes, and beholding Mr. Pawlet standing affectionately over him, he made an effort to recover his serenity, and to conduct himself without suspicion. He was here very much assisted by the parson, who, in the goodness of his heart, ascribing every thing to the best and most virtuous motive, exclaimed, on observing the tears trembling in his eyes, "Bless my heart, what a tender creature! —Nay, Mr. Temple, now don't let the suffering of the poor maid affect you so.—Here," continued he, "here comes the warm water; I hope, and dare say it will soon make her better."

As he uttered the last words, Barclay's whole frame shook with an indescribable sensation, and he, for the first time, raised his eyes to gaze on one dearer to him far than peace to misery, or liberty to slaves, with fear and trembling. Penelope, however, had, for private reasons, declined the task she had apparently retired to perform, and sent her maid instead. That circumstance, added to the attention drawn from Barclay, by the care employed in administering the water to the servant, proved a very seasonable relief to him. This Sangrado remedy produced the desired effect, leaving the cook in a weak, but no longer in a dangerous state. Mr. Pawlet applauded and thanked our hero in the warmest manner, for the efficacious recipe he had prescribed, as well as for the tender feeling which, he imagined, he had shown for the invalid.—In the great satisfaction he felt, he could not help going to Mrs. Pawlet, and seating himself by her on the box, he took hold of her hand, and said, in the kindest tone, "Well, my dear, this had nearly proved a very unfortunate affair, but, now, every thing is safe, and we'll think no more about it."

"No, no!" cried she, as if just having finished the investigation of some profound disquisition, "I shall think no more about it! De Rossi is wrong, and Kennicott is right.—What signify so many various readings of the Hebrew text? If we have the best, that is sufficient. And, as to the Samaritan Pentateuch, and the old Syrian version, I shall print them in———"

"My dear," interrupted the parson, "you misunderstand me, I was alluding to the cook you physicked this morning."

"Well," said she, cooly, "is she dead?"

"No, God forbid!" he replied, "but—"

"But," added she, "if she had, it would have been nothing to me, for, metaphysically, or ontologically speaking, I should have been only *causa per accidentem*, not *causa per se*."

"Well, well," continued the parson, "it is all over now. We have saved her life, and there's an end of it."

He now proceeded to inform her of the maid's illness, and what they had done to comfort her.

"Fools, and idiots," she exclaimed; "will you always thwart me thus, in all my efforts to benefit mankind, by my searches after truth? So, I, who have studied *meteria medica*, from Hippocrates down to Buchan: that is, from the top to the bottom, of all † *physic*, am to have my operations counteracted by people even more ignorant of physic than an apothecary? You know not what the world has lost by your officiousness! My scheme had two ends for its object. In the first place, the

† "From SPENCER to FLECNOE; that is, from the top to the bottom of all poetry."
Dryden's Dedication of Juvenal.

g rl (as silly girls will) complained of some indisposition, but knew not, precisely, what or where it was. Now in this case, I always follow the custom of old Dr. Hunter, who used to say, when he could not discover the cause of a man's sickness, "We'll try this, and we'll try that. We'll shoot into the tree, and, if any thing falls, well and good."

"My dear," said the parson, "I fear this is too commonly the practice, and in their shooting into the tree the first thing that falls is generally the patient."

"Don't interrupt me!" cried Mrs. Pawlet, hastily. "So I did; and imagining that the cook's indisposition might arise from her blood being too rich, I resolved to try an experiment on her, which would do her no harm: and that was my second end."

"You have reduced her, indeed!" said Mr. Pawlet; "but pray, what was your experiment?"

"That," continued she, "which you have frustrated. I wished to ascertain how much hiera-picra the human stomach could bear."

"Mercy on me!" ejaculated the parson to himself. "Heaven be praised that it has turned out no worse!"

The truth is, Mrs. Pawlet was aware, from the effect immediately produced on the poor cook, that she had given her too strong a dose; and now, that all was safe, she pretended to say that she did it on purpose, and, to cover her mistake, affected to be angry at what was done to relieve her.

"But bless me!" cried the parson, rising "we are talking here without thinking of Mr. Temple. My dear, this is the gentleman recommended to you by our friend."

"My amanuensis?" said she.

Mr. Pawlet nodded consent, and our hero stepping forward put his friend Keppel's letter into her hand. She now rose without uttering a word, and with great dignity, or rather stiffness (things often mistaken for each other), marched toward the door, beckoning to Barclay to follow her. He obeyed with a bow, leaving the parson and the cook, who were not deemed worthy of witnessing the first interview between two such distinguished personages.

Notwithstanding they were already two stories high, Barclay followed his guide up a third, to a room which appeared built expressly for her convenience. The library was round, and illumined by a sky-light; the books so numerous that they not only lined the sides, but covered the floor, and formed a kind of maze which led to her seat at a large table, loaded with globes, mathematical instruments, &c. &c.

Taking her seat, and pointing to several folios that were piled on one another for Barclay's, she addressed him thus, still holding the letter in her hand unopened:

"Though I have no great reverence, sir, for the modern Greeks, yet I hold them wise, inasmuch as they choose the summit of their houses for their place of residence. I do the same, but our motives are very different. They consider the garret as the most dignified part of the building: I esteem it only as it conduces to give strength and elasticity to the mental powers."

"Your plan, madam, said Barclay is perfectly Socratic."

"Yes," she replied, smiling most invitingly at being able to pursue the allusion, "I would even, like that great philosopher, say, (*Greek*) † for like him I find that, when on the ground, my thoughts adhere to the earth, and never rise to that sublimify which I experience the moment I breathe this pure and elevated atmosphere‡."

Our hero made no reply. He was entirely absorbed in thought, while she, having explained, as she believed, with great effect, the cause of her living at the top of the house, proceeded to peruse the epistle he had delivered to her from Von Hein. Having finished it, she began a very long speech, full of Barclay's learning and genius, but, above all, of his great diffidence and modesty, which his friend, she said, had particularly dwelt upon, and which she acknowledged to be the undoubted concomitants of genuine merit.

During this harangue, Barclay being wrapped up in thoughts of a very opposite nature, neither lent his ear to what was uttered, nor made any signs of attention. This one would have imagined sufficient to displease the speaker, but far other was the sentiment it inspired. Impressed with the high character she had just read, she attributed his rudeness to excess of genius or learning.

"Ah!" she exclaimed, "such is the absence of men of letters!"

† *I walk the air* Aristophanes, Clouds.

‡ Dr. Johnson in his Rambler makes Hypertatus say, "he that upon level ground stagnates in silence, or creeps in narrative, might, at the height of half a mile ferment into merriment, sparkle with repartee, and froth well declamation; but," he adds, "that a garret will make every man a wit I am very far from supposing; I know there are some who would continue blockheads even on the summit of the Andes, or on the peak of Teneriffe." So do I.

Our hero caught these words, and, looking up saw Mrs. Pawlet's eyes, or rather eye (for both never looked at one object), fixed upon him, with evident marks of delight. He blused, and felt very uneasy on his seat. Perceiving this, Mrs. Pawlet said,

"Nay, be not ashamed of these little eccentricities of genius: I am often so myself, I assure you."

Barclay was about to make some silly excuse, when he was relieved from his embarrassment by a summons to dinner.

CHAP. XIX.

Containing every thing in the nineteenth chapter.

FOLLOWING Mrs. Pawlet, Barclay entered the dining-room, which was at the back of the house, and commanded a beautiful prospect of the garden. The funiture was light and elegant; the wainscot hung with various drawings of views of the neighbouring country, and the windows being stocked with geraniums, and other odorous plants, impregnated the air with their sweets and exhilirated the senses. In the middle of the room stood the dinner-table, laid for four. Penelope appeared at one of the windows as if employed in tying up some hyacinths, and Mr. Pawlet, who had made no alteration in his dress but that of exchanging his black velvet cap for a neat little powdered wig, was dressing the sallad as Barclay came in. The moment he saw him, he wiped his hands on the napkin, and going up to him, he said, "Mr. Temple, I hope you will excuse my inattention to you. You found me in an awkward predicament, from which you extricated me, and I am now able to pay you all the respect your merits, independent of that of being the particular friend of Mr. Von Hein, entitle you to. Believe me you are heartily welcome, I shall think it my fault if I see that you are unhappy: I trust you will not let me think so unworthily of myself.

Barclay made no reply to this not less sincere than kind and friendly speech, but he pressed the hand of the worthy parson between his in such a manner as amply satisfied him that his words had produced the liveliest effect.

Mr. Pawlet hastened to change the subject, and, while Mrs. Pawlet sat reading in the corner (for she never was idle for an instant), he, adverting to a common topic, asked Barclay what he thought of the room.

"Perhaps you may not think so much of it," continued he, "as I do. I delight

in it: it is my Pen's taste. She furnished it as you see, making every thing herself that a female could accomplish. And those drawings are all her own doing; she took them from the numerous prospects that present themselves on the hill near the church."

"Fye, fye! my dear sir," cried Penelope, "how can you talk so. Nobody, I'm sure, but you, who are always too kindly partial to what I do, will think any thing of such trifles."

This, said in a laughing manner (as she knelt by the side of the flower-pots with her head turned round), had the most rapturous effect on Barclay. The voice that saluted his ear was so soft and mellifluous, that he could scarcely believe it human; and the lovely form he contemplated was so angelic, that, added to the beauties of the place, he could not avoid exclaiming, "Enchantment—'tis all enchantment! Indeed, sir, Miss Penelope does not do herself justice in complaining of your panegyric, seeing that it falls so far short of her desert. Truly, I cannot believe what I behold to be the work of mortal skill, but assuredly the consequence of some spell—the conjuration of some supernatural agency. These drawing are———"

"Well," said Penelope, interrupting him and rising, "I must positively go: I can suffer this no longer."

"By no means!" cried Barclay, hastily. "I beg a thousand pardons for expressing my *unfeigned* sentiments, because they have offended." Then, catching her eye with an humble, but expressive look, he added, "I will henceforth gaze with silent admiration!"

Mrs. Pawlet's thoughts were entirely devoted to her book, and the parson continued making the sallad; therefore the confusion of Penelope and our hero (which was very apparent in their countenances at this crisis) was not perceived, and the attention of the little family was soon diverted for the moment from every other circumstance by the appearance of dinner.

Mrs. Pawlet, not only because she was the mistress of the house, but because she prided herself on carving with mathematical and anatomical nicety, sat at the head of the table; Mr. Pawlet at the bottom, Penelope on his right hand, and Barclay opposite her, to the right of Mrs. Pawlet. The situation of the young folks was peculiarly interesting to themselves. Neither could look up for an instant, but their eyes were rivetted to each other; and the table being rather narrow, there was an absolute necessity, for the sake of mutual accommodation, to mingle their feet together. We all know what nervous creatures lovers are. Think, then, of the position of things at this juncture!

Barclay was, during dinner, in a perfect state of delirium. He eat little—he said nothing! but did he not feel something? And did he not feast his eye on the object before him? None but a lover, it is true, can fancy such food; but no mere sensual voluptuary ever enjoyed a repast half so luxurious. Here there was no satiety. *Appetite increased by what it fed upon*, and our hero must have remained at table until doom's day if he could not have risen before he had confessed that he was satisfied. To describe the conduct and feelings of Penelope, would be to repeat what I have said of Barclay's.

Mr. and Mrs. Pawlet, on the contrary eat with excellent stomachs, but with this difference; all he eat, he eat because he found it agreeable to his palate. She, however, eat scarcely any thing but to what she attached some medicinal quality. She ascribed great virtue to various sorts of vegetables, and these she would devour, even to repletion, often making herself miserably ill in her attempts, as she termed them, "to give a tone to the nerves, and to regulate and perfect the eucrasy of the human frame."

Barclay's taciturnity and abstinence were attributed to several causes. Mrs. Pawlet believed the first to be owing to the modesty of genius, or the abstration of learned meditation; and the second she conceived to be highly commendable in a philosopher; so that when the parson pressed him to eat, Mrs. Pawlet begged he would desist. "Mr. Temple," said she, "imitates the ancient sage, whose maxim it was, To eat to live, and not to live to eat."

Penelope looked at Barclay, and could not conceal a bewitching smile, that played about her lips. Our hero returned the smile, and would willingly have joined them.

Reader. Join their smiles! How could they do that, sir!"

Author. By joining their lips, ma'am.

Reader. Oh, you abominable wretch! A pretty thing, truly, to do at the first interview.

Author. Very pretty indeed, ma'am. I should like to have done it myself! However he did not say so, but if he had, he would have been excusable, for he was invited to it.

Reader. How! a baggage, did she invite him to do so?

Author. No, sweet lady, but her lips did—as thus. Her lips were of that description, which, as clearly as is possible for lips, unassisted by the tongue, to speak, say, "Come and kiss me!" Perhaps, thrice venerable madam, you have never seen any of this sort, but, nevertheless, I assure you they exist. I have seen many such, and, I hope I shall see many more!"

Mr. Pawlet viewed Barclay's conduct in a very opposite light. His abstinence, he thought, might arise from, either the novelty of his situation, or the fatigue of travelling; and his modesty, he believed to be the effect of the misfortunes he had suffered, which would not permit him to assume any consequence in society. He pitied him in his heart, and resolved to to use all his endeavours to banish the scruples to which he attributed his depression. The same goodness of disposition led him to imagine, that Penelope's not eating, as usual, was owing to her uneasiness, all the morning, about the poor servant maid, and when the cloth was taken away, he desired her to go, and see how she fared. Glad of such an apology, she readily withdrew, to induce Mr. Pawlet, the more firmly, to believe the truth of his suspicion.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

AMERICAN HONESTY;

RELATED BY A DUTCHMAN.

AN American farmer brought a small cart full of pidgeons to P———a market, on a day there happened to be a glut of them which had arrived somewhat earlier in the morning, and could not find any purchasers. He offered them at half price, —still no purchasers. Not caring to load his cart back again, he then offered to give them away, but the people, supposing they must be stale, would not have them. He then drove his cart on and dropt three or four every ten yards; but the people picked them up, and running bawling after him, "*Master, you are losing your pidgeons,*" threw them back again into his cart. Mortified at their teizing, he stopt his horse, and leaned back, pretending to be asleep, —when instantly, man woman and child set to work, and stole very one of them.

ISOCRATES.

A Young Man, who was a very great talker, making a bargain with Isocrates to be taught by him, Isocrates asked double the price his other scholars gave him: "And the reason is," said he, "that I must teach you two sciences; the one to hold your tongue, and the other to speak."

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

Moral Reflections.

Ah, false and fleeting is the bliss that springs,
From earthly goods—mere visionary things.
To-day we boast a gift that life endears;
And, 'ere to-morrow's dawn it disappears.
PHILANDER.

THERE is not, perhaps, a human being, endowed with reason and reflection, who has not at some period of his life, found something to call them into action: But, at no period, are they so powerful as when employed on the subject of our own misfortunes and distresses, or those of our dearest friends. 'Tis then that their effects on the mind are most likely to produce the happiest consequences in conduct, both with respect to our own well-being, and the well-being of our fellow-creatures. Disappointments, calamities, and casual interventions of adverse fortune, have by *Philosophy* been regarded as laying the best foundation for a just estimate of the things of this world, and by RELIGION, as the best preparatives to that temper of soul which urges her to aspire after more satisfactory and solid enjoyments in the world to come. They teach us, in the most impressive and persuasive manner (because we feel it) the instability of all human affairs, the uncertain tenure of all human possessions, the extravagance of human anticipations, the unsatisfying nature of human enjoyments—in a word, the folly (to call it by no harsher a name) of centering our hopes in what is perishable and fleeting, and of expecting happiness to arise from sublunary acquisitions, which, according to the course of things, must be continually changing, or subject to change—"But," it might be asked, "in what could a rational being place his happiness? and whence would he derive consolation in the hour of loss, difficulty, disappointment, calamity or distress?" To which the answer is obvious, from what has just been said—Let the sources of his happiness lie beyond the attacks of casualties, beyond the possibility of change from moral or physical causes, let them be VIRTUE and RELIGION—and safely, securely and serenely will he pass from this world to a better, superior to the disquietudes of life, and unaffected by the revolutions of Nature or of Time. The fool and the witling, the infidel and the vicious, may endeavour to laugh him out of these sources, as being but visionary, because they know nothing of them; but he, feeling their inestimable importance, knows how to appreciate their intrinsic value. Such truly, as Pope sweetly sings, is the noble prize of RELIGION and VIRTUE:

Which nothing earthly gives, nor can destroy,—
The soul's calm sun-shine, and the heart-felt joy.

They, and they alone, enhance all the blessings, comforts and sweets of Time; and fit us for whatever we may be destined in the decrees of Infinite Wisdom and Goodness, in eternity. And, if in our voyage over the tempestuous ocean of life, we are assailed by the storms of adversity, or likely to be overwhelmed by the waves of affliction and distress, RELIGION and VIRTUE are the only unfailing sources of all consolation and peaceful security; the only true and invaluable treasure which can never be taken from us. Inspired by them with the liveliest assurances of a blissful immortality, the soul rests with unbounded confidence on that Almighty Being who rules the destinies of the universe, ever conscious that, in life and death, in the storm as well as in the calm, in Time and in Eternity, she is safe and happy in the protection of her Creator, Preserver and Benefactor. Thus leaning on the arm of Omnipotence, the everlasting Rock of Ages, she views without emotion the ever-changing scenes on the theatre of this world; receives the gracious dispensations of Divine Providence with gratitude and love; uses them, as they were designed, to the good of the creation, and the glory of the Creator; and parts with them, when demanded, with cheerful acquiescence and pious resignation, in the words of Inspiration; "Shall I receive good at the hand of the LORD, and shall I not receive evil also?"—"The LORD gave and the LORD taketh away; blessed be the name of the LORD!" Happy Job! and happy indeed all who follow thy great example! Thou wast in the highest and lowest situations, but never so well knewest thou the true value of the first, as when brought in contrast with the last: That was the ordeal through which thy virtues must pass, in order that they might shine forth to admiring posterity, like gold from the furnace seven times more pure.

Similarly situated, though in an humbler grade, stands a worthy and sincere friend of mine*, at this moment. It was but a few months ago that he was possessed of almost all his heart could wish for in this world,—a comfortable house with a delightful little garden to it, and an amiable and beloved wife, and two dear and endearing little children (a girl and a boy) as his charming society. In an agreeable circle of intelligent friends and acquaintance, and enjoying what Thompson beautifully stiles "an elegant sufficiency, &c." in a respectable mediocrity, his life glided along in tranquillity: And being of a contemplative and literary turn, he would sometimes fill up his hours of relaxion from business by amusing himself with effusions in prose and poetry. With what pleasure have I perused the productions of those too happy hours! for they were the spontaneous dictates of the heart, and ran in the easy but impressive language of Nature. But with what particular delight have I read, over and over again, his "Reflections in his Garden;"* wherein he feelingly describes his happy situation, and charmingly sings of his domestic felicities!—But ah! how fleeting are the joys, how transient the enjoyments of human life!—As "death grows near to life," so woe is next to bliss in the present instance; for, in the full tide of these enjoyments, my friend lost his darling little boy, the delight of his eyes, and almost the idol of his soul. It would seem that while in the very lap of pleasure, some arrow is barbed to stab us to the heart; as if Providence, regarding and acting only for the good of the whole, ordains us temporary crosses and afflictions, to prepare us for eternal beatitudes:

Yes, GRACIOUS HEAV'N misfortunes sends to man,
To break the fetters of his earthly love;
To wean affections from Time's narrow span,
And fix them on the great concerns above.
Here Vice o'er Virtue holds imperious sway,
And all *Religion's* precepts disregards;
Then, surely, Virtue, in the realms of day
Shall find extatic and complete rewards.

"To stand," says Seneca, "unshaken in such a calamity, is hardly to be expected; and our wonder cannot but be equal to our grief." But, in the example of my friend, the Christian rises superior to the Philosopher; for he not only stands unshaken, but still adores the hand that gives the blow," npborne by that benign religion which assures him that the dispensation was for his eternal good, and that he shall be again with his dear child in a better and happier world, never to part again. He, therefore, meets the decree of his Heavenly Parent with a calm resignation, and bows with reverence to the Divine

* Mr. *Richard Wevil*, of this city, whose house, with all the furniture, and a great deal of valuable property was consumed by fire on the morning of the 15th inst. See a more particular account in that week's Repository.

* See the Repository, Vol. I. pag. 296.

Will: And while, as a man, he feels and mourns the loss, as if of a part of himself; he, at the same time bears the severe affliction with the fortitude of a Christian:—"Not my will, O LORD! but thine be done."*

It was but a short time ago, that his dear little boy was taken from this world; which stopped the current of his peaceful enjoyments, and opened the streams of parental distress, and painful though unavailing sorrow:—And scarcely were closed the wounds of a bleeding heart, when it pleased Heaven, in the inscrutable dispensations of its providence, to try him by another calamity, while yet his afflicted feelings would be most sensibly affected—*viz.* the destruction of his house and property by fire, in the course of a few hours. What a mournful contrast is here made by only a few hours! At night, all is harmony and domestic felicity; and before the dawn of the morning, all is alarm, fire and devastation! "Who would believe it?" says Seneca—but a few hours between so fair a habitation and none at all; it was laid in ashes in less time than it would require to tell the story. "Those goods that have grown up with many years, with labour and expence, and under the favour of many auspicious providences, less than one day scatters and *brings to* NOTHING!"—How accurately descriptive of the situation of my friend are these words! and who can view unmoved the gloomy picture; or consider the state of the unfortunate sufferers without feeling an interest for them? Who that has sustained a loss, or been afflicted, but must be warmed with sympathy for them; who that, never knew loss or affliction, but must experience a sorrowing sensibility for their sad reverse of fortune! especially when they contrast themselves enjoying their own domestic comforts in their own houses, with those unfortunates who have lost all, and have no house or home to go to, except what is afforded by Friendship or Benevolence?—

But, while we all feel the full tide of sympathy on these melancholy events, may not something useful be drawn from a proper consideration of them? Most undoubtedly, and such must have been the design of Infinite Wisdom and Goodness in the distribution of the goods, and the disposition of the affairs of human life. They teach all, as well the beholder as the sufferer that the tenure of earthly possessions is altogether uncertain; that the best of all earthly enjoyments are very far from giving solid happiness; that, from desires implanted in the soul, which cannot be satisfied in this world, there must be some other world where they will be satisfied;—and that as Religion and Virtue suffers here, so will they be bountifully rewarded by Divine Munificence hereafter. How happy, supremely happy, then, are those whom Religion and Virtue render invulnerable to all crosses, afflictions, calamities and troubles; and whom they bear superior to temptations and alarms, through the vicissitudes of eventful life, the fluctuating scenes of ever-varying Time, and the valley of the shadow of death; and whom they at length lodge in the arms of their Heavenly Father, in Eternity, there to enjoy a glorious and ever-blessed immortality.

AMYNTOR.

* See the Repository of December 5th, No. 56, in which are inserted, "Consolatory Reflections on the Death of a Child;" where the agonies of the expiring infant, and the anguish of the fond father, are set forth in the most moving and pathetic manner. Such are the sentiments, and such is the style, that altho' more particularly calculated to affect a parent, they cannot fail to excite emotions of sympathetic sorrow in every breast. I have seen tears swell into the eyes of more than one person upon reading the piece: And hard, indeed, must be the heart of that man, who can read it without having his sensibility touched!

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

"For we hear that there are some which walk among you disorderly; working not at all, but are busy bodies."

WITH what noble simplicity does the apostle Paul describe the character of those contemptible beings, who live without advantage to themselves, or society; and follow their daily round of busy idleness, as if unconscious that they had a part assigned them, to act in the great Drama of Life. These words of the apostle may be thus familiarly commented:—"I hear there are some among you, who spend their time in nothing but eating and drinking; in collecting the current gossip's story of the day, and retailing all the slander they can glean;—who intermeddle with the affairs of others, and hear and propagate every domestic uneasiness their neighbours may experience; and who, on such occasions, assiduously foment the quarrel, by running alternately from one to the other, and relating the expressions which each, in the unguarded moments of anger may have uttered.—This is the routine that compose their lives! *But,*" says he, "*this we have* [already] *commanded you, that if any will not work, neither should he eat.*"

This is a true picture of the life of many; they are busy bodies, *working not at all.* We are not, however, to suppose that Paul alluded to bodily labour alone.—In all ages the majority of mankind have been doomed to toil for a subsistence; yet he, whose genius soars above those servile employments, if he devotes his talents to the service of mankind, may be of greater utility, than the man, whose muscular arm and vigorous body, is adapted to bear the extremes of manual labour. He who, in the heat of summer, seeks the shade, stretches his limbs on the carpet of nature, and

Pores upon the brook which bubbles by,

may, to the ignorant and superficial observer, seem indulging a culpable indolence; yet, possibly his mind may be employed; his fancy may exert herself, tho' his body be quiet; his genius may penetrate the centre, or ascend into the unlimited regions of æther. His contemplative mind may survey the variegated landscape which is spread out to his admiring eye; or raising his views still higher, he may

Look through Nature up to Nature's God!

What a noble employment! it does not deserve the epithet of idleness.

It is a melancholy consideration, that men, endowed with the gift of reason, and created only a little lower than the angels, should condescend to wear out their existence in such trivial employments.

That being, whose mind is capable of acquiring information, and retaining knowledge; who might be continually advancing onward towards perfection, is contented to sit down in inglorious ease, until his faculties become so debased that he is unable to arouse them to energy.

That those who are *walking disorderly, and working not at all,* may speedily amend, is the ardent prayer of

THE LAZY PREACHER.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

THE DRAMA.

A HINT TO ACTORS.

THE public is led seriously to deplore the poverty of talents which so strongly characterises our male performers in tragedy. The voice of discontent, disgust and disappointment, grows daily stronger and more audible. Can the reiterated complaints which are made, originate from perversity of taste, from a propensity to complain, or from any cause foreign to the real one? And if the complaints are just, to whom does culpability attach it-

self; or, could the cause have been removed. I am not one of those who wish to censure or to designate individual incapacity. I wish, however, the public sentiments may reach those, whose province it is to remedy defects, to inspire confidence, and to tranquillize the "perturbed spirits" ranging abroad. The moment a tragedy is announced for representation, a general groan is heard. "Murder most foul," is anticipated. And the anticipation (God help me!) is too often realized. Fennel and Cooper "are familiar in our mouths as houshold dogs," during every speech. Could either of those gentlemen have been retained! What say you, gentle 'squires, "by courtesy?" If it were not for a Merry and a Whitlock, the tragic muse could find no tears to soothe its dejected shade. JUBA.

Characters.

NO. V.

A ROMANCE WRITER

Pulls down old histories to build them up finer again, after a new model of his own designing. He takes away all the lights of truth in history to make it the fitter tutoress of life; for Truth herself has little or nothing to do in the affairs of the world, although all matters of the greatest weight and moment are pretended to be done in her name; like a weak princess, that has only the title, and Falsehood all the power. He observes one very fit decorum in dating his histories in the days of old, and putting all his own inventions upon ancient times; for when the world was younger, it might, perhaps, love and fight, and do generous things at the rate he describes them; but since it is grown old, all these heroic feats are laid bye, and utterly given over, nor ever likely to come in fashion again; and therefore all his images of those virtues signify no more than the statues on dead men's tombs, that will never make them live again. He is like one of Homer's gods, that sets men together by the ears, and fetches them off again how he pleases; brings armies into the field of his own creating; leads up both sides himself, and gives the victory to which he pleases, according as he finds it fits the design of his story; makes love, and lovers too, brings them acquainted, and appoints meetings when and where he pleases, and at the same time betrays them in the height of all their felicity, to miserable captivity, or some other horrid calamity, for which he makes them rail at the gods, and curse their own innocent stars, when he only has done them all the injury—makes men villains, compels them to act all barbarous inhumanities by his own directions, and afterwards inflicts the cruellest punishments upon them for it. He makes all his knights fight in armour, and storm one-another's fortifications, before they can come to encounter body for body; and always matches them so equally with one-another, that it is a whole page before they can guess which is likely to have the better; and he that has it is so mangled, that it had been better for them both to have parted fair at first; but when they encounter with those that are no knights, though ever so well armed and mounted, ten to one goes for nothing. As for the ladies, they are every one the most beautiful in the whole world, and that's the reason why no one of them, nor all together, with all their charms, have power to tempt away any knight from another. He differs from a just historian as a joiner from a carpenter, the one does things plainly and substantially for use, and the other carves and polishes merely for show and ornament.

Extracts from Secret Memoirs of the Court of Petersburgh.

—

CHARACTER OF A RUSSIAN NOBLEMAN.

"THE noble Russian, the only personage to be seen in foreign countries, or well known in his own, has, in fact, a great aptitude for adopting the opinions, manners, customs, and languages of other nations. He can be as frivolous as a *quondam French Petit Maitre*, as musically mad as an Italian, as reasonable as a German, as singular as an Englishman, as mean as a slave, and as haughty as a Republican. He will change his taste and character as easily as the fashion of his dress; surely, therefore, this suppleness of mind and senses is a distinguishing feature."

—

THE following instance of the gross superstition of the higher classes of the people exceeds that of the Roman Catholic devotees, even in Spain and Portugal.—"I knew a Russian Princess," says the author, "who had always a large silver crucifix following her, in a separate carriage, and which she placed in her bed-chamber. When any thing fortunate happened to her in the course of the day, and she was satisfied with her admirers, she had lighted candles placed about the crucifix, and said to it, in a familiar style—"See, now, as you have been very good to day, you shall be treated well; you shall have candles all night; I will love you; I will pray to you." If, on the contrary, any thing occurred to vex the lady, she had the candles put out, forbade her servants to pay any homage to the poor image, and loaded it herself with reproachings and revilings.

—

To shew to what a degree of cruelty and turpitude women may arrive, in a country where domestics and inferiors are considered as slaves, the author relates the following anecdote.—"I knew another lady of the court, who had in her bed-chamber a sort of dark cage, in which she kept a slave who dressed her hair. She took him out herself every day, as you would take a comb out of its case, in order to dress her head, and immediately shut him up again, though seldom without having his ears boxed, while she was at her toilette. The poor fellow had a bit of bread, a pitcher of water, a little stool, and a chamber-pot in his box. He never saw day-light but when he was dressing the bald pate of his old keeper. This portable prison was kept close to her bed's head, and carried with her into the country. And her husband permitted this abomination! The poor youth passed three years in this *gehenna*; and when he made his re-appearance in society, he was frightful to look at, pale, bent, and withered like an old man. The chief motive of this strange barbarity was the wish of the old baggage to conceal from the world that she wore false hair: and for this she sequestered a man of *eighteen* from all human society."—How strange is the caprice of females of rank and fortune!

ON LAUGHING.

WITH respect to laughing, we should consider three things, 1st, who laughs; 2d, who is laughed at; and 3d, what the laughing is about. When a man tells a merry tale, he should laugh inwardly, and enjoy the joke in his own mind more than in his countenance: for he who laughs aloud at his own joke, is, in the court of Comus, considered as a fool. When a merry story is told, you may be allowed to make a little noise in laughing, as it is a kind of compliment to the speaker, and an approbation of the story; but never break into the middle of a story by laughing; such interruption is very disagreeable both to the speaker and the auditors; besides, you ought to save all your merry ammunition till the end of the tale.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

The Dessert.

SONNET XVI.

TO CONTEMPLATION.

.....Sweet is zealous contemplation—
SHAKESPEARE.

O THOU, that sittest on thy star-gemm'd throne,
Snatch me to th' Andes' sky-encircled top,
That seems th' expansive firmament to prop,
And overlooks the world from zone to zone.

There, let thy heav'nly energies inspire,
My soul to meditate Creation's whole;
Till the rapt theme thro' all my bosom roll,
And teach me, how to think—and how admire

Th' eternal Pow'r that wheels the vast machine,
With all its parts, in boundless space above;
Yet deigns to beam on earth *Redeeming love*,
And make Man ever blest in worlds divine.

Thus shall my soul, illumin'd by thy rays,
To HEAV'N be ceaseless gratitude and praise.

AMYNTOR.

PHILADELPHIA,

JANUARY 30, 1802.

SOLUTION OF THE FIRST ENIGMA IN PAGE 87.

THE Pagan's *Hesper* shone with brilliant rays;
The Christian's *Truth* emits a brighter blaze:
Change but the *p* for *t*—and *ruth* decline—
And for a *Hesper* will a HESTER shine.
Next, for " one thousand and one hundred" stand,
The num'rals M C at the Fair's command:
And CLEAN implies " unsullied, neat, chaste, pure,
Innocent, guiltless, elegant," and more.—
Hence 'mong the Female Brilliants will appear
HESTER MCCLEAN t' adorn her sex's sphere.

ŒDIPUS.

[*Solutions of the* second *and* third *enigmas accompanied the above, but could not be inserted this week without occupying more room than is devoted to articles of this nature.*]

ANSWERS TO THE CHARADES IN PAGE 87.

I.

Sweet, is to every taste most pleasing,
Heighten'd still more by contrast sour;
But when connected with *heart*-easing,
What blessings does it on us pour!
Thus scanning the Charade all over,
I found a *Sweet-heart*; but no lover.

II.

A *Friend* thro' life that soothes in ev'ry loss,
Softens life's ills, and yields a precious balm;
And when advent'rous, we the deep would cross,
The *ship* protects us in both storm and calm.
These two connect with *true*, and you will find,
True Friendship is the treasure here design'd.

OLIVIA.

ORIGINAL CHARADE.

My *first* is always on the Monarch's side,
And flatt'ring is its gala to his pride;
Tho' to the wretch immur'd in dungeon-gloom
'Tis but the prelude to a painful doom:
Without my *second* man could not receive
The Wealth that all the various climates give;
While with it, he can distant nations greet,
Tho' storms rage high, and howling tempests beat:
My *whole* bestows more pleasures and delights
Than scept'red Monarchs and their parasites;
It smiles benign—'tis, sunshine all the year,
And ever-blooming Edens round appear.

RETORT COURTEOUS!

The following was handed the Editor early this week, by a *handsome young lady*, who was politely accompanied by two others: it is supposed that this triumvirate forms the *company!**—And now ye *lads of the ton*, who have so long imposed on good nature, look out!—" a threefold cord is not easily broken."

MR. HOGAN,

You will much oblige a subscriber by inserting the following Enigmatical list of YOUNG GENTLEMEN, who are celebrated for their laudable pursuits and elegant amusements.

1. Half of the name of part of a Gentleman's dress, and two ninths of want of knowledge.

2. A mean dwelling, the lower part of the face, and one half of a piece of music.

3. A name given the Patriarch Jacob.

4. One thing necessary for the support of nature, and Judah's first-born son.

RETNIH & Co.!*

Marriages.

He, and he only, tastes the sweets of life,
Whose source of bliss is an endearing wife;
All earth's enjoyments are enhanced to him,
And all its troubles but a shallow stream:
Quick let us, then, to HYMEN's temple move,
And bask in happiness esteem and love.

AMYNTOR.

MARRIED....In this City....on the 19th inst. by the Rev. Slater Clay, John Ewing, Esq. to Miss M. Johnston....On the 23d inst. by the Rev. Dr. Rodgers, Mr. Joseph Caldwell to the amiable Miss Elizabeth Bird both of Springfield Delware County...On the 21 inst. by the R. Rev. Bishop White, Mr. Thomas Hope, to Miss Catharine Auner....Same Evening by the Rev. Mr. Car, Mr. Matthew Kelly, to Miss Eliza Hope....Same evening, by Mr. Moses Kempton, Esq. Mr. Abraham Merret, to Miss Rebecca Lamb, daughter of Jacob Lamb, all of Springfield, N. Jersey.

Deaths.

'Midst various perils, incidents, and strife,
Man still runs on the headlong course of life;
Till Death arrest him in his golden dreams,
And, with the silver cord dissolve his schemes:
O THOU, in whose Almighty hand is fate,
Prepare us for our fast approaching state.

AMYNTOR.

DIED...In this city....On the 22d inst. in the 75th year of his age, Mr John Maxwell Nesbitt....On the 27th inst. Mr. Samuel Miles, house carpenter.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

" *Judiacus*," in reply to *Christianus*, came too late for the present number, but will appear next week.

Another *budget* from our old friend and correspondent, " *T. W. de la Tienda*," has been received and opened,—every item whereof shall receive due consideration.

"*Enigma on a Lady in Baltimore*," and some other communications are likewise received.

Receipt for Blacking of Shoes, &c.

TWO ounces of ivory black; one ounce gum arabic (dissolved in warm water); two ounces of lump sugar; the whites of two eggs, the whole mixed in a pint and a half of porter.

TEMPLE of the MUSES.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

TRANSLATION
OF THE 23d ODE OF HORACE.*

TO CHLOE.

"VITAS HINNULEO ME SIMILIS, CHLOE."

YOU fly me, Chloe, like the little fawn
That runs to seek a timid mother's prop,
Scar'd at each breeze that whistles thro' the lawn,
Or shakes the trees upon the mountain top.

For frighted at the noise of moving leaves,
Or lizards crawling thro' the thorny vine,
His heart a kind of sympathy receives,
His knees partake the trembling of the wind.

I do not, (like the tiger seeking prey)
Pursue thee, Chloe with a bad intent,
Then why avoid me with such dire dismay?
On chastest love my anxious soul is bent.

No longer now you need a mother's care,
Your riper years just want a guardian man;
To me then fly and we'll enjoy, my fair,
The choicest of life's blessing while we can. PHILAMOR.

* An incorrect translation of this Ode appeared in Vol. I. No. 20, pag. 8.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

A DREAM.

NOW drowsy Morpheus o'er the world had spread
His wings, and lull'd to sleep each weary head;
The moon had ris'n—"refulgent lamp of night!"
And spread o'er azure heav'n her sacred light.
When tir'd with watching, and by sleep oppress'd,
My weary frame demanded nature's rest:
Stretch'd on a couch, in pleasing slumbers laid,
I dream'd Eliza thus unto me said:—
"Why slumber here, when dreadful danger's nigh?
An armed rival wishes to destroy
Thy precious life; and claim me as his bride:
Arise, prepare," the fair Eliza cried.
Ev'n now, methought, as still I heard the fair,
In tones persuasive, shew her gen'rous care,
A bitter foe, the last of discord's band,
Came foaming in, a dagger in each hand;
The weapons brandish'd, and with passion tried
To plunge the glitt'ring dagger in my side:
When dear Eliza, at love's prompt command,
Stept in between, and stopt the bloody hand;
Repell'd the blow; then sunk into my arms—
As angels pure, nor less her lovely charms.
Extatic pleasure crown'd that moment's bliss;
But ah! it vanish'd, when I felt her kiss.
The thrilling touch my thread of slumber broke;
My dream soon fled, and I alas! awoke.
PHILEMON.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

SONNET.

CONSCIENCE.

CONSCIENCE, thou torment of a guilty mind,
How firm, how faithful art thou to thy trust;
Unsway'd thy judgment, and thy sentence just,
The constant scourge of vice by heav'n design'd.

Bless'd is the man whose calm untroubled breast,
Fears not thy sentence, nor yet dreads thy pow'r,
Who at life's last, important, awful hour,
Sinks, unappall'd in death's long silent rest.

Him, cheering hope presents with brighter scenes,
In happier climes, scenes of eternal peace,
Where peace, and joy and bliss shall never cease;
Where harmony and love shall ever reign.

O may my conscience, peaceful, calm and clear,
Unstain'd by crimes, unstain'd by guilt appear.
CARLOS.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

SONNET.

Written on the News of the late Peace in Europe.

Hark! Hark! what pleasings sounds invade my ears,
What joys extatic waken to my mind!
'Tis Peace is come, again to bless mankind!
And man in friendship's bonds again appears.

Grim war no more his dreadful trump shall sound,
Nor fierce destruction thunder from his car—
Broke be each deadly instrument of war;
For Peace and calm Contentment reigns around.

The cities, late in smoking ruins laid,
Now, "Phœnix like," rise tow'ring to the skies,—
Around the country stately villas rise,
And joy and pleasure reigns in ev'ry glade.

'Till time shall end may Peace triumphant reign,
And ev'ry virtue follow in her train.
MILO.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

LOVE-LINES
TO MISS HARRIOT HARDCASTLE.

Hard-hearted maiden! still will frowns severe,
Deform with semblance harsh that face so fair!
Hard have I strove your *soft* regards to gain,
Yet *hardly* one kind look assuag'd my pain.
By Cupid and his bow 'tis very *hard*
That still my *hard-wrought* lines you'd ne'er regard!
Ah! cou'd I melt the *hardness* of your hate,
Hardships innumerous might around me wait;
Harden'd to every ill I'd dauntless stand,
And laugh at the *hard* gripe of mis'ry's hand!
But out! alas! your heart is made of steel;
Fool-hardy I, to think to make it feel.
HARDI-CANUTE.

THE LAWYER'S PRAYER.

ORDAIN'D to tread the thorny ground
Where few I fear are faithful found,
Mine be the conscience void of blame,
The upright heart, the spotless name;
The tribute of the widow's pray'r,
The righted orphan's grateful tear;
To virtue and to virtue's friend;
Still may my voice the weak defend.
Ne'er may my prostituted tongue
Protect th' oppressor in his wrong,
Nor wrest the spirit of the laws,
To sanctify the villain's cause.
Let other's with unsparing hand,
Scatter their poison through the land,
Inflame dissension, kindle strife,
And strew with ills the path of life.
On such her gifts let fortune show'r,
Add wealth to wealth, and pow'r to pow'r,
On me may fav'ring heav'n bestow
That peace which good men only know;
The joy of joys by few possess'd,
Th' eternal sunshine of the breast.
Pow'r, fame and riches I resign,
The praise of honesty be mine;
That friends may weep, the worthy sigh,
And poor men bless me when I die.

THE THREE BULLS!

"I have seen," says friend Teague, (fresh from Hybernia's green)
"I have seen such a sight as *I never have seen*—
"Three *Bulls* in a *team!*—Eh! I never laugh'd worse;
"One I'm sure was an *ox*, and he the shaft HORSE!"

*** *Subscriptions for this Paper received at the Office, No. 51, South Third-street, price 6¼ cents each number, payable every four weeks; or three dollars a year to those who pay in advance—Subscribers at a distance are to pay in advance, or procure some reponsible person in the City, to become answerable for the money as it becomes due.*